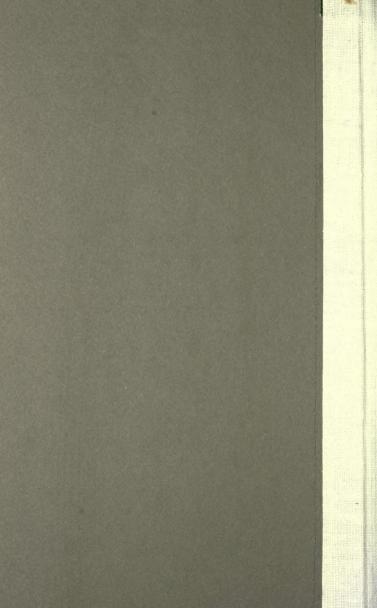


Bottomley, Gordon Chambers of imagery



CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY POPULEY
BY GORDON BOTTOMLEY

(SECOND SERIES)

ELKIN MATHEWS VIGO STREET, W.







Gileen Porver. Dec. 1912

CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY



CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY FOR BY GORDON BOTTOMLEY

(SECOND SERIES)

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W. M CM XII



To MY PARENTS

Too many books of voiceless verse I have piled up in all the years Since in the first I set your names. If I would even tell your claims To love and all heart's gratefulness The barest sum would ask no less Than all the poets' opening pages: I bring no thought of praise or wages, I would but tell my thankfulness That in these later days of stress, When life slackens and stints its range And the world turns to loss and change, We are all still together here And I can set your names most dear, Your names like presences benign, Once more within a book of mine.

NOVEMBER 5TH, 1911.



EAGER SPRING

Whirl, snow, on the blackbird's chatter;
You will not hinder his song to come.
East wind, Sleepless, you cannot scatter
Quince-bud, almond-bud,
Little grape-hyacinth's
Clustering brood,
Nor unfurl the tips of the plum.
No half born stalk of a lily stops;
There is sap in the storm-torn bush;
And, ruffled by gusts in a snow-blurred copse,
"Pity to wait" sings a thrush.

Love, there are few Springs left for us;
They go, and the count of them as they go
Makes surer the count that is left for us.
More than the East wind, more than the snow,
I would put back these hours that bring
Buds and bees and are lost;
I would hold the night and the frost,
To save for us one more Spring.

A HYMN OF IMAGINATION

IMAGINATION'S towers appear,
And every tower is a steep prolonging
Of the earth's radius dark and sheer.
Like swart birds thronging
Into a sunset safe and near—
Or down horizons shimmering hence,
Swift precipices of radiance, baffling wings—
Or gleaming white against the dense
And thunderous presences of immortal things—
Imagination's measureless towerings
Bear down upon the beds of reality,
Accede to gravity for inmost law
Where the earth's radius and their cores agree
To raise externes of awe.

Baseless Invention is the newer god,
A liquorous and incontinent quality,
The blind men's fingering upon the veil.
Here intellect intrudes, the mode
Of building wonders mentally;
And in this styptical, this pale
And secondary blindness of the brain
The limits of experience decide.

Mental immoderation is in vain; It closes up, where sympathy makes wide Man's comprehension of dissimilar things; It sets man to believe himself his guide. His standard too; ay, and it has denied Imagination's murmurings (The only conscience that is not pride) Because Imagination hath dissension From brain-wrought marvellings. The nourishing of religions is Invention, Wonders and furbishings; There merchants of the incredible, in contention, Postulate Divinity apart From knowledge or perception; crude desire Seeks an Unknown for gaping at, a mart Where virtue whips God's first debentures higher: Nor may Imagination's shining Reveal in them the mirror where God shines reply most heavenly fair-Divinity dawns through passions of divining; Who yearns for God will seek Him in the heart.

Imagination does not thus devise
Wilful and rootless miracles:
It works by still and inward symmetries;
Sounds, when resolved into clear harmonies,
Achieve such bright coincidence

As shakes man's spirit in its wells
When something borne becomes a sense
Of understanding, yet something else
Than understanding—
A hushed commanding
Of destinies
Beyond our eyes,
Ability to conceive the nature
Of every creature, every stature,
Ability to live in every form,
To know the passions that have passed,
Stillness or storm,
In nobler hearts or hearts of sin—
All things without at last
Answering to things within.

Imagination is acceptance wrought
When things beyond ourselves with faint sounds
press

Upon the limits of our consciousness;
Man is not loftier by taking thought,
By domination, by knotting hard and straining
Upon the convolutions of his will
As one who tests a cable though remaining
Heedless of what it stays or binds—
The qualities of tense cables, to such minds,
Being sufficient for salvation's thrill.

A little princess dawning through a mist; An old, old horn In forests forlorn: An ageless crying When night and rains have kissed And dark wide wings are vying With clouds' and the earth-shadow's flying; The fragile proud and passive shapes That bear the burden of all men's love for ever: Legend, faëry, enchantments of each weaver Of glimmering romance (escapes From blinding customary sights), Of shadows that forecast Man's implication with the earth-Sea, fire, and mountain, and their sprites Of danger, tempting, warning, mirth, Which signified that kinship in the past; Dead inventions these remain In the rigid sinuous brain, Unless tuned sympathy shall twin Things without to things within-Then Imagination sheer Makes them intimate and near, And their essences appear.

It is the knowledge of responsibility.

It is the permeant air that spirits breathe,

The high pure ether where appearances

And other tricks of shadow-casting substance must unwreath

And only essences can be:

It can inform all wonder, all degrees
Of lean ideal virtue, and all charm
Of haunting far-off lights and low
Lost murmurs; and with power it can endow
The gods that bless or harm:
But in man's common impacts here and now
Its fierce illumination is most plain—
Man's deeds are seen to work in him again;
Though done in secret they must change his brow.

To look upon the things that must be borne
Has, by Imagination, no less pain;
But, if the looking be without men's scorn
Of all they deem they understand,
We have our revelation close at hand.
We see new harmony advance,
We need no promise of continuance;
By life and nature, earth and man,
Our indicated destiny we scan;
We are advised to spend no breath
In echoing heaven from walls raised up by death;
By flower and beast is it not clear
To be resumed in God we ripen here?

WHEN Robert put the seed in, seed in, seed in, Grey dust floated at his knees-Sower swinging like a mower, Stepping over nest of plover, Up the furrowed slope with ease.

The rooks were white with sunlight, sunlight, sunlight, When Robert put the seed in; Gulls with narrow wings no whiter Flew before them, floated lighter, Far from sea-wet cliffs they breed in.

Early night sent Robert home, Robert home, Robert home; Sunset sent the wind to blow From the East and dry the loam Grey as cloud-hills, ere should come A star like burning snow.

THE golden still November days Seemed an immortal pause's glow, And through the light transfiguring haze White gulls sought Robert at the plough.

Although upon the new-turned soil December's soddening waves would beat, He hastened on that Springtime toil That he might sow his Winter wheat.

One morn I felt my sleeping cease— Out in the dark farewell was said: And Robert is across the seas, So far away he might be dead.

Yet, now that January is nigh,
The winter wheat's green spikes appear:
How can they keep such urgency
And grow when Robert is not here?

IN JANUARY

O, SHEPHERD out upon the snow,
What lambs are newly born?
I see his long, long shadow go
Across the fields of morn.

Ere dawn the snow-light in the room Awoke me, and I saw A pallid earth, a cloudy gloom, A shape that stirred my awe.

I know the clear untrodden snows That hide the winter wheat; The greyer fields wherein he goes Are grey with pitting feet.

He feels not how I watch him creep, He thinks he is alone; He searches for the heavy sheep Each windward hedge of stone.

I keep my bed in weariness When workers have gone forth; I watch that silent man grow less Into the snow-packed North: And men have died in this old room, Through thrice a hundred years, Who saw the shepherd in the gloom, The shape that never nears.

Briefly I watch; but then I go, The room will know me not; Yet from my window, o'er the snow, When I am well forgot

Shall unknown men look forth to scan Each far unchanging tree,
And see a dark and lonely man
Still creeping agelessly.

THE SLAVE MARKET

In bronze (true flesh of thought) stern shifting contours.

Drawings wherein the pen-strokes yield and harden Until each interspace is ivory.

Paintings where crises of desire have set

A glow between the blending of clear deeps,

And also knowledge of godhead and decay.

Medals with women and bowed unicorns.

A golden snake for Venice ladies' teeth.

Poems in types like agate intaglios.

Pale wine-cups out of Greece stained with dim deeds

Of gods like men, as though with juice of grapes.

Such things, all things that men have made by passion,

Are curst with the old restlessness of beauty, The loneliness of beauty, the aloofness.

They may remain within a little room

To light a loving one; but death divides them.

They go to make fame certain for some man

So ignorant of them he has grown rich:
He turns from them, he lends them unto nations
Until he is sure that nations know them his.
They shall be found in cities ruinous.
They do not know their tenants, nor their values
Bred by much fingering in the market-house.

Sackt Troy and queens at auction: if thou wert there,

Wouldst thou buy Helen ere her husband came? Passing from hand to hand so passively Helen was Helen's secret, Helen's own. Pass thou and gaze, she is more greatly thine.

TO IRON-FOUNDERS AND OTHERS

When you destroy a blade of grass You poison England at her roots: Remember no man's foot can pass Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high Where your unnatural vapours creep: Surely the living rocks shall die When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament And yet no heaven is more near; You shape huge deeds without event, And half made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces, Which, like old idols, lost obscenes, Have molten bowels; your vision is Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night, Preparing destinies of rust; Iron misused must turn to blight And dwindle to a tettered crust.

20 TO IRON-FOUNDERS AND OTHERS

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone, But plants that spring in ruins and shards Attend until your dream is done: I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm
Know not your loads piled on their soil;
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollowed earth is cracked, And when, to grasp more power and feasts, Its ores are emptied, wasted, lacked, The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield Last priceless slags for fashionings high, Ploughs to wake grass in every field, Chisels men's hands to magnify.

BABEL: THE GATE OF THE GOD

Lost towers impend, copeless primeval props
Of the new threatening sky, and first rude digits
Of awe remonstrance and uneasy power
Thrust out by man when speech sank back in his
throat:

Then had the last rocks ended bubbling up
And rhythms of change within the heart begun
By a blind need that would make Springs and
Winters;

Pylons and monoliths went on by ages,
Mycenae and Great Zimbabwe came about;
Cowed hearts in This conceived a pyramid
That leaned to hold itself upright, a thing
Foredoomed to limits, death and an easy apex;
Then postulants for the stars' previous wisdom
Standing on Carthage must get nearer still;
While in Chaldea an altitude of god
Being mooted, and a saurian unearthed
Upon a mountain stirring a surmise
Of floods and alterations of the sea,
A round-walled tower must rise upon Senaar

22 BABEL: THE GATE OF THE GOD

Temple and escape to god the ascertained.

These are decayed like Time's teeth in his mouth,
Black cavities and gaps, yet earth is darkened
By their deep-sunken and unfounded shadows
And memories of man's earliest theme of towers.

Space—the old source of time—should be undone, Eternity defined, by men who trusted Another tier would equal them with god. A city of grimed brick-kilns, squat truncations, Hunched like spread toads yet high beneath their circles

Of low packed smoke, assemblages of thunder That glowed upon their under sides by night And lit like storm small shadowless workmen's toil. Meaningless stumps, upturned bare roots, remained In fields of mashy mud and trampled leaves; While, if a horse died hauling, plasterers Knelt on a flank to clip its sweaty coat.

A builder leans across the last wide courses;
His unadjustable unreaching eyes
Fail under him before his glances sink
On the clouds' upper layers of sooty curls
Where some long lightning goes like swallows
downward,
But at the wider gallery next below

Recognise master-masons with pricked parchments:
That builder then, as one who condescends
Unto the sea and all that is beneath him,
His hairy breast on the wet mortar, calls
"How many fathoms is it yet to heaven!"
On the next eminence the orgulous king
Nimroud stands up conceiving he shall live
To conquer god, now that he knows where god is:
His eager hands push up the tower in thought...
Again, his shaggy inhuman height strides down
Among the carpenters because he has seen
One shape an eagle-woman on a door-post:
He drives his spear-beam through him for wasted day.

Little men hurrying, running here and there,
Within the dark and stifling walls, dissent
From every sound, and shoulder empty hods:
"The god's great altar should stand in the crypt
Among our earth's foundations"—"The god's
great altar

Must be the last far coping of our work "—
"It should inaugurate the broad main stair"—
"Or end it"—"It must stand toward the East!"
But here a grave contemptuous youth cries out
"Womanish babblers, how can we build god's altar
Ere we divine its foreordained true shape?"

24 BABEL: THE GATE OF THE GOD

Then one "It is a pedestal for deeds"—
"'Tis more and should be hewn like the king's
brow"—

"It has the nature of a woman's bosom"-

"The tortoise, first created, signifies it"-

"A blind and rudimentary navel shows

The source of worship better than horned moons."

Then a lean giant "Is not a calyx needful?"—

"Because round grapes on statues well expressed Become the nadir of incense, nodal lamps,

Yet apes have hands thad but and carved red crystal"—

"Birds molten, touchly talc veins bronze buds crumble

Ablid ublai ghan isz rad eighar ghaurl. . . ."
Words said too often seemed such ancient sounds
That men forgot them or were lost in them;
The guttural glottis-chasms of language reached,
A rhythm, a gasp, were curves of immortal thought.

Man with his bricks was building, building yet,
Where dawn and midnight mingled and woke no
birds,

In the last courses, building past his knowledge A wall that swung—for towers can have no tops, No chord can mete the universal segment, Earth has not basis. Yet the yielding sky,

BABEL: THE GATE OF THE GOD 25

Invincible vacancy, was there discovered—
Though piled-up bricks should pulp the sappy balks,

Weight generate a secrecy of heat, Cankerous charring, crevices' fronds of flame.

BABYLONIAN LYRIC

NIMROUD was a hunter, striding A belated mastodon; Forests where he took his riding Lay like corn when night came on.

Nimroud slid beneath the table After seven vats of drink: When he rose he builded Babel Tottering on heaven's brink.

Babel fell in storm, but Nimroud Went to sleep among his vats, Where his body hid a dim rood, Drawing down a plague of gnats.

By his elemental snoring
Baffled gnats swirled in his nose;
Thick ones up his brain crept boring,
Where their bodies swelled and rose.

Such his pain and such his clamour That an Ethiop grey from fears With a giant's wooden hammer Beat his head four hundred years.

On his eagle's-breast-filled pallet Nimroud swore that he was god ('Twixt the wearings of the mallet) Tressed with life, with deep death shod.

NETTED STRAWBERRIES

I AM a willow-wren:
I twitter in the grass on the chimney-top;
The apples far below will never drop
Or turn quite bright, though when

The aimless wind is still I stand upon the big ones and I peck And find soft places, leaving spot and speck When I have munched my fill.

Apples and plums I know (Plums are dark weights and full of golden rain That wets neck-feathers when I dip and strain, And stickys each plumy row),

But past my well-kept trees
The quick small woman in her puffy gown,
That flutters as if its sleeves and skirts had grown
For flying and airy ease,

Has planted little bushes
Of large cool leaves that cover and shade and hide
Things redder than plums and with gold dimples
pied,

Dropping on new-cut rushes.

At first I thought with spite
Such heady scent was only a flower's wide cup;
But flower-scents never made my throat close up,
And so I stood in my flight.

Yet over all there sways
A web like those revealed by dawn and dew,
But not like those that break and let me through
Shivering the drops all ways.

Though I alight and swing
I never reach the things that tumble and crush,
And if I had such long large legs as a thrush
The web would tangle and cling.

ERGOT

PHIAL of soft brown poison in my hands, Pollute good water now and I will drink. I sicken at the taste, And yet my throat thirsts on.

There is a feeling in the cold soft taste As if disgusting penetrating sins Brutalise, fill me with joy And raptness to smell filth.

I am refined with stirs of cruelty, Cruelty to myself of drinking more; I shiver until my sides Are stiff. My lips seem thick.

I felt blood gurgle far, far down my throat As one perceives a very little light Down a dark narrow well. The earth dropt out of space.

But now the sound has ceased and I may breathe As often as I wish—if I breathe gently.

My heart is quiet and swift,

Like tinily pulsed cats'.

The soft brown poison makes long tentacles Of every vein and nerve—as if a spider Reaching all ways at once Knotted me head and foot.

The griping creeping irresistibly
Tightens; I feel so helpless and so safe.
My fingers and my heels
Prickle. My eyelids smart.

NIGHT AND MORNING SONGS

Ι

Our of the high skies birds are falling, White birds, dark birds, sailing down, No bird crying, no bird drawling; Leaves in Autumn, petals in Spring, So would wander and slant and wing, But no tree ever went up so far To hide a mountain and a star And loose its leaves gone brown.

II

I am tired of the wind—
Oh, wind, wind, be quiet . . .
I am burdened by the days
Of wailing and long riot.
The heavy trees are thinned;
The clouds lose their ways . . .
There's no rest in my mind.

When the wind falls the rain falls; The air has no more breath.
The ceaseless "Hush" of rain
Is what eternity saith.
The hills grown near and tall
Let down a misty mane . . .
Endlessness weighs on all.

Ш

Only the darkening heights
Can save us from the burning sky;
The forest's upward flights
Would crumble into fires that fly,
But the chill valley grows more deep,
The moving glooms from under creep—
There are no trees, save in some gleam
Of bird-bent spray or quieter stream;
And with the gleam, beyond the gleam,
A thin and sombre horn unites—
A question and a cry.

Faint and afar there ride
Passionless faces and one pale horse;
Such stillness and stern pride
Can never weary or change its course.

NIGHT AND MORNING SONGS

34

And O, the horn, the horn yet calling!
Lost waters now prolong its falling;
The high unresting hunt has gone—
Are we not summoned and undone?
The light has gone, the sound has gone—
And in the heart a joy has died,
An old horn sounds remorse.

IV

"She shall be buried by her Antony:"

Antony and Cleopatra, Act v., Sc. 2.

Where is that tomb of Antony's?
Is Cleopatra there?
Have the old desert's atomies
Silted among her hair?
Is even her last dark throne-room sacked;
Have delvers hastily unpacked
Some nameless mummy with shut eyes,
And sold the vanished fair?

Nay, but she walked again to-night:
So whence is her return?
Can nothing end her? Asps do bite,
But 'tis our breasts that burn.

Puft Antony is soon forgot (He was well ridded, was he not?): His ruinous mate for peril's bright, Secure no man can spurn.

V

My moon was lit in an hour of lilies; The apple-trees seemed older than ever. It rose from matted trees that sever The oats from the meadow, and woke the fillies That reared in dew and gleamed with dew And ran like water and shadow, and cried; It moistened and veiled the oats yet new, And seemed to drip long drops of the tide, Of the mother-sea so lately left. Feathers of flower were each bereft Of colour and stem, and floated low: Another lily opened then And lost a little gold dust; but when The lime-boughs lifted there seemed to go Some life of the moon, like breath that moves Or parting glances that flutter and strain— A ghost with hands the colour of doves And feet the colour of rain.

VI

Sanctuaries

There is a chamber in the dawn Sought by a bird alone— A cloud, a gleam, a veil withdrawn On brighter veils beyond, Glistening with one far ringing tone, One fluttering mote and blond.

There is a chamber in the night
Sought by a girl alone—
A secret place white after white
With inner veils more dim
And farther places whitely strown
As though with thoughts that swim. . . .

VII

Between April and May
No more can pass
Than the edge of a mist
Or a sidelong ray
From the moon or the glass
Where the little moons hide
To shew me your wrist
On whiteness and nothing beside.

The night is still,
The darkness knows
How far away
A wavering rill
Of warm air goes;
Though no bough hums,
Between April and May
A streak of plum-blossom comes.

VIII

Elegiac Mood

From song and dream for ever gone
Are Helen, Helen of Troy,
And Cleopatra made to look upon,
And many a daring boy—
Young Faust and Sigurd and Hippolytus:
They are twice dead and we must find
Great ladies yet unblemished by the mind,
Heroes and acts not cold for us
In amber or spirits of too many words.
Ay, these are murdered by much thinking on.
I hanker even for new shapes of swords,

NIGHT AND MORNING SONGS

38

More different sins, and raptures not yet done Yet, as I wait on marvels, such a bird As maybe Sigurd heard—
A thrush—alighting with a little run Out-tops the daisies as it passes
And peeps bright-eyed above the grasses.

IX

Dawn

A thrush is tapping a stone
With a snail-shell in its beak;
A small bird hangs from a cherry
Until the stem shall break.
No waking song has begun,
And yet birds chatter and hurry
And throng in the elm's gloom
Because an owl goes home.

THE END OF THE WORLD

The snow had fallen many nights and days;
The sky was come upon the earth at last,
Sifting thinly down as endlessly
As though within the system of blind planets
Something had been forgot or overdriven.
The dawn now seemed neglected in the grey
Where mountains were unbuilt and shadowless
trees

Rootlessly paused or hung upon the air.

There was no wind, but now and then a sigh
Crossed that dry falling dust and rifted it
Through crevices of slate and door and casement.
Perhaps the new moon's time was even past.
Outside, the first white twilights were too void
Until a sheep called once, as to a lamb,
And tenderness crept everywhere from it;
But now the flock must have strayed far away.
The lights across the valley must be veiled,
The smoke lost in the greyness or the dusk.
For more than three days now the snow had thatched

That cow-house roof where it had ever melted With yellow stains from the beasts' breath inside; But yet a dog howled there, though not quite lately.

Someone passed down the valley swift and singing, Yes, with locks spreaded like a son of morning; But if he seemed too tall to be a man It was that men had been so long unseen, Or shapes loom larger through a moving snow. And he was gone and food had not been given him.

When snow slid from an overweighted leaf,
Shaking the tree, it might have been a bird
Slipping in sleep or shelter, whirring wings;
Yet never bird fell out, save once a dead one—
And in two days the snow had covered it.
The dog had howled again—or thus it seemed
Until a lean fox passed and cried no more.
All was so safe indoors where life went on
Glad of the close enfolding snow—O glad
To be so safe and secret at its heart,
Watching the strangeness of familiar things.
They knew not what dim hours went on, went by,
For while they slept the clock stopt newly wound
As the cold hardened. Once they watched the
road,

Thinking to be remembered. Once they doubted

If they had kept the sequence of the days,
Because they heard not any sound of bells.
A butterfly, that hid until the Spring
Under a ceiling's shadow, dropt, was dead.

The coldness seemed more nigh, the coldness deepened

As a sound deepens into silences;
It was of earth and came not by the air;
The earth was cooling and drew down the sky.
The air was crumbling. There was no more sky.
Rails of a broken bed charred in the grate,
And when he touched the bars he thought the sting

Came from their heat—he could not feel such

She said "O, do not sleep,

Heart, heart of mine, keep near me. No, no sleep.

I will not lift his fallen, quiet eyelids,
Although I know he would awaken then—
He closed them thus but now of his own will.
He can stay with me while I do not lift them."

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Uniform with the present work

CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY

(FIRST SERIES)

BY GORDON BOTTOMLEY

PRICE IS. NET

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

The Daily Chronicle

"Mr. Bottomley has always been an artist faithfully and curiously endeavouring to follow and capture his private intuitions about life, and several poems reveal his unique personality through beautiful forms. Every man lives 'in the dark, in the chambers of his imagery,' and only the artist and the lover can share his with other men; they alone are aware of these possessions. But Mr. Bottomley loves their remotest corners . . . and in this book we see him—on his knees or on a rippling lofty ladder—peering into the darkness and bringing back what he can."

The Manchester Guardian

"Mr. Bottomley's inquiring spirit now runs in the broader, more fitly luxuriant channels of poetic conception . . . there is much of a fine, intellectual paganism in Mr. Bottomley's verse. It has some inspiriting moments. . . . In its maturer form it catches something of the virility of Henley, but its own peculiar quality is a refined rusticity —refined, indeed, almost 'to inconsistency—and in its display the poet uses, as it were, the distilled essence of the strangely natural, strangely remote moods of the countryside. . . It is all far enough from the notoriously simple life but . . the hand of the artist is very clearly, very strongly evident."

The Daily News

"Mr. Gordon Bottomley lives in a sort of enchanted garden, with its drowsy palace, surrounded by old apple-trees, some of them always in blossom. The moon always shines upon his kingdom; it is never broad day there, twilight perhaps, but generally night, night with the moon, night with adventures and dreams, night with the owls crying, and with something wonderful ever trembling beyond the watcher's eyes. . . He will always find a few to whom that dream land is

beautiful. His poems depend for their effect on their power to raise an hallucination in the mind of the reader. . . If the hallucination comes, it is beautiful, it haunts the mind, it is like coming back to the mind of childhood. The mysterious turrets, high up in the castles, with lights burning in their windows, seen from far off in the forests, barked at by the distant dogs, fill the mind with a sort of delighted terror; they are so mysterious, such beautiful and strange things must happen in them. . . The deeds done in them have the suggestions of wonderful beauty."

The Pall Mall Gazette

"Mr. Gordon Bottomley gives us a characteristic volume. . . . It has a curious, pungent power of its own. The poems to Mr. Shannon's pictures, in this book, are as good as any."

The Literary World

"These verses . . . possess a power of recalling scenes so that we not only see them, but we realise them by the many senses through which we grasp a scene in real life. The poem called 'A White Watch' gives us sight and sound and scent and the shiver of touch."

The Planet

"The author is never commonplace. . . . His thoughts are arresting and interesting, and the chambers of imagery in which they are clothed are very uncommon and rare, . . . The 'Hymn of Touch'is very fine. . . All the co-related senses are celebrated in this ode: their inter-play of emotion, their mutual intensification until their rainbow colours combined burn to the point of white heat, and sense is merged in Spirit. . . . Far the best poem is the beautiful 'Hymn of Form.'"

The Evening Transcript (Boston, U.S.A.)

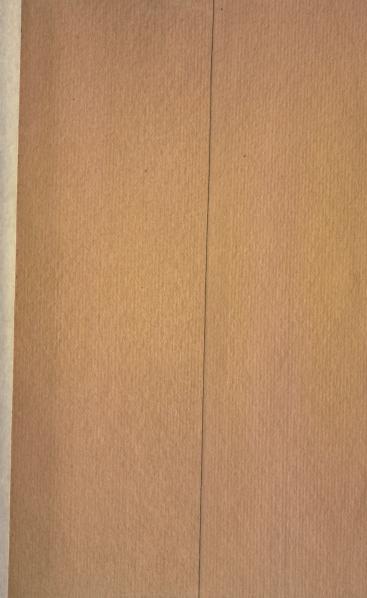
In a long article by Mr. W. S. Braithwaite on Mr. Bottomley's dramatic work:

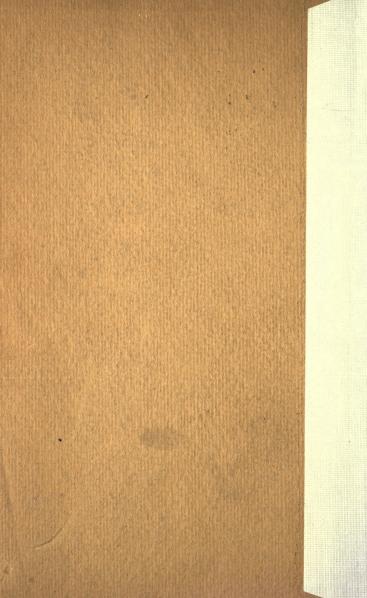
"Not often out of Shakspeare does one meet with a like success in the treatment of such unearthly beings. I believe Mr. Bottomley is a poet whom English literature will come to regard in the possession of a power remarkable for its sterner emotions beyond any contemporary poet; and who, as a dramatist, will present these emotions in character and action upon the stage in no distant future to the pulsation and surprise of human audiences."

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS
VIGO STREET, W.









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Bottomley, Gordon Chambers of imagery

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